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JOSEPH JACKSON FULLER

An African Christian Missionary

By ROBERT GLENNIE
Author of "The Congo and Its People"

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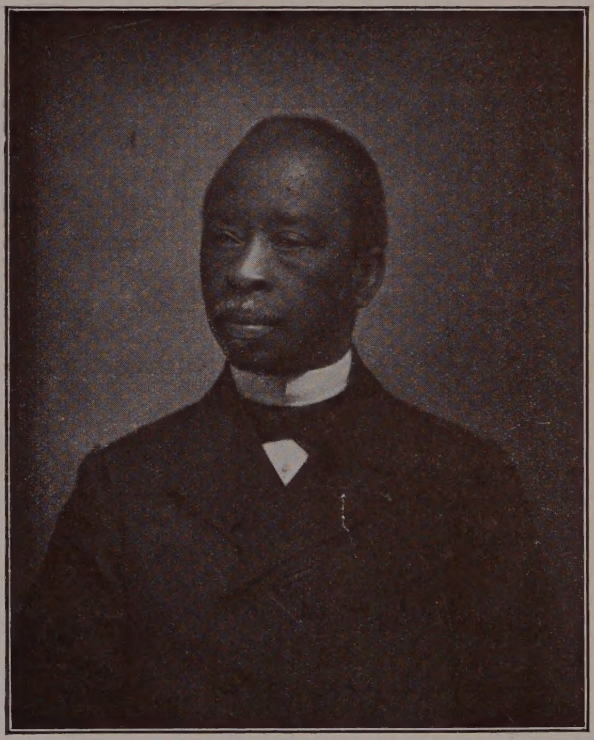

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ROBERT GLENNIE

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" The Congo and Its People "

LONDON:
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CHAPTER I.

BEGINNINGS.

RATHER more than a century ago Jamaica was on the brink of revolution. There were three hundred thousand African or Creole slaves on the Island, and the whites were barely a twentieth of that number. Although as a race the negroes were accounted meek and docile, a new self-consciousness had been born, and encouraged by men of their own race from America and Hayti, they began to claim the right to be free, to follow the light of that religion which had dawned upon them, bringing deliverance from their fears; free to learn to read, that God's Book might be open to them; and following these, yet as certainly, the right to sell their labour and to receive payment for it.

The whites, accustomed to domination and jealous for their privileges, denied all these claims and sought to crush the rising spirit by savagery. So the two races blindly and foolishly prepared to fight it out, forgetting that the best interests of all demanded co-operation.

It was into this world, striving, suffering, agitated, that Joseph Fuller came, on the 29th of June, 1825. He was born in Spanish Town, the capital of the Island. His mother, a full

black, was the daughter of a "Nurse" in a Jewish family; his father, Alexander McCloud Fuller, was the son of a house-steward to an English family; and both were slaves. The children of a slave mother belonged to that mother's owners, to the exclusion of any parental rights, but young Joseph was fortunate in having a kindly mistress. His grandmother kept a small grocer's shop, and one day the little fellow ran in to tell her that his mistress had promised that if he were a good boy she would give him his freedom some day. The little boy with sparkling eyes, bare head and bare feet, clad in his single cotton shirt, ran in and out, getting into mischief and out of punishment by his jolly laugh.

When Joseph was eight years old the Apprenticeship Act, giving freedom to all of six years of age and under—the older people were to serve a twelve years' apprenticeship—came into operation. Among the first to be registered under it were Joseph and his brothers, and the mother marched them straightway to the Mission House to enrol them as pupils. As she could not afford full fees for them, Joseph and Samuel were charged for at threepence a week, and the younger ones were admitted free. The eager, questioning mind of Joseph attracted the schoolmaster, Mr. Kirby, who brought him to the notice of the missionary, the Rev. J. M. Phillippo. From this time all the striking natural energy of the boy was devoted to his lessons, and he made surprising progress.

While he was still a schoolboy he took part in the greatest event of English colonial history. For the brow of the youthful Queen Victoria had hardly felt the weight of the crown, when an Act, the most magnanimous in the world's history, came into operation, and on the first day of August, 1838, eight hundred thousand negro slaves in the West Indies were made unconditionally free. The circumstances remained an abiding memory with him, and in his speeches in England in after years he often told the tale of how, when released from toil on the eve of their freedom, the people wended their way to the various chapels to share in the watchnight service which was to usher in the Jubilee.

Joseph accompanied his people to the chapel at Spanish Town, where his father was a member; the people had gathered in their thousands, the chapel was crowded to suffocation, the later comers stood in the yard outside. From outlying districts where Mr. Phillippo was accustomed to itinerate, people arrived all night long. As midnight sounded, the tense silence which had been observed for some minutes was broken by a great shout: "Freedom is come! We're free! We're free! Our wives and children are free!" The people could not express themselves sitting, so they rose to their feet to greet the new-found liberty with a shout of exultation. As the tears coursed down their cheeks, the wondering children looked into their parents' faces seeking to discover what this "freedom" meant.

Then there was a movement on the outskirts of the crowd. Some men brought in a coffin, decorated and carved, and pushed their way with it to the middle of the yard. There the lid was taken off, and a man-whip, slaves' handcuffs, chain and shackles were thrown into it. A grave was dug, and at six o'clock, "the time of horn blowing," the time the slaves were summoned to their daily toil, they lowered the coffin into the grave. They "buried old slavery" with the most joyful funeral that men have ever seen, and on the grave they planted a tree of liberty. Flags with mottoes were distributed among the children, to be used later in the day in the great civic demonstration. Joseph's flag read: "Freedom for ever, God Bless Great Britain." Then with songs and gladness of heart they dispersed to eat their first meal as free people.

In his eight years at school Joseph had reached the top, and in the annual examination divided the honours with his chum, John Thomas King. The Hon. Judge Bernard, who presided, and Sir Joseph Laffan, who accompanied him, were specially interested in Joseph Fuller's answers to the questions proposed and in the specimens of beautiful penmanship and maps which he presented. He received as prize an English Bible which had been sent from England to be "given to a black boy." Fuller, with true negro gratitude, never forgot that gift, and he always kept a warm corner in his heart for the unknown donor. When he came to England nearly thirty years later, he made many

unavailing attempts to discover and thank him.

Although he was head of his school, such was Joseph's thirst for knowledge that he was far from satisfied with the education provided there, and he complained frequently of the narrowness of the course. Yet in justice to the mission it should be said that the subjects taught were in advance of those provided in English schools for pupils of the same age. To-day we recognise that these complaints were evidence of the power of mind which he showed later in his career as a missionary.

Joseph was expected to follow his father in becoming a carpenter, but one day some bricklayers came to do a job at the house, and he was so intrigued with their work that thenceforth nothing would do but he must be a bricklayer. His father consented, and the boy used to run off after school hours to work with the men who were building the Metropolitan school. Joseph used to boast that he was both a builder and a pupil of the school.

One of the influences for good in his life at this time was the earnest spiritual watchfulness of Mr. Reid, a deacon of the church at Spanish Town. He often shared the Sunday dinner at Granny's house, and besides engaging the elders in conversation about spiritual experiences he was ever seeking an opportunity of a talk with Joseph. But the boy was shy, and fearful of committing himself. However, chance gave Mr. Reid the opportunity, and before the close of

the talk Joseph confessed his need of a Saviour and promised to join the minister's Enquirers' class. A few Sundays after, under the influence of a very moving sermon, he made the great surrender.

CHAPTER II.

EASTWARD HO!

AROUND him in those days great movements were being initiated. Immediately after the coming of "Freedom," a wave of religious feeling swept over the Island, and the churches were filled with attentive and responsive hearers. Large numbers were received into the Christian Church, and their zeal for religion led them into active evangelistic work for their fellows, and then, passing beyond the Island, gave them the vision of the larger field of Africa waiting for the deliverance which they enjoyed. It was thus, inside the Christian Church, that race consciousness first took shape.

These men, nurtured on the traditions of their homeland beyond the sea, now burned with a desire to share with their kinsmen the good news of the freedom and joy of the Gospel. A scheme was drawn up to promote the evangelization of West Africa; and in furtherance of this a memorial was sent to the Missionary Society in England promising both men and money for this purpose. The answer to the memorial was favourable. The pioneers were drawn from Jamaica, the Rev. John Clarke, a British minister, and Mr. J. K. Prince, M.D.,

who had practised as a doctor for some time on the Island. These were sent to "spy out the land," and, calling at London for instructions, they sailed for the West Coast, hoping to join the Government expedition up the river Niger. But when they arrived at Fernando Po, ten weeks out from London, the expedition had gone, the river had fallen, and it was not possible to follow up the Niger till next season.

They began work at Port Clarence, on Fernando Po, on New Year's day, 1841, among the slaves liberated by British cruisers and the freed men brought from Sierra Leone for Government service. Encouragement came to them speedily. Five persons were baptized and formed into a church; a school was opened and was well attended; scores of couples were married; and having added eight more to the church, they decided that they should return to England and report. They embarked on the *Rose* in February, but three days later she was struck by lightning, which broke two masts and ran down into the cabin, killing the boy who was waiting on them at table. Forty-two days later the mainmast, fore and mizzen topmasts were carried away in a storm, and all the sail they could then hoist only allowed them to drift in the currents and trade-winds across the Atlantic. The first land they made was the Windward Islands.

When they reached Jamaica the unexpected arrival, the tale of success, the appeal of the work aroused the enthusiasm of the churches to

fever heat. Some offered to go as mission workers, others as teachers, and some as colonists. The committee chose two workers and directed them to accompany the pioneers to England—the Rev. Joseph Merrick, a coloured pastor, and Mr. Alexander Fuller, Joseph's father; and the Society cordially accepted them as missionaries.

The parting between father and son was tender and wistful. The father urged Joseph to consecrate his life to the Saviour and to follow him to Africa. The boy readily promised, and became more than ever anxious to increase his stock of learning as a preparation for his future. His mother, then a young Christian, listened calmly to her first-born and replied: "Well, son, if you want to go, don't let me say a word to stop you. And if not, don't let me say one word to persuade you."

The Jamaican mission committee accepted his offer and ordered him to join the party then getting ready to go to Fernando Po. He did so, and in a little while the news ran over the Island that the vessel chartered to carry the party to Fernando Po had arrived at Falmouth, on the north side of the Island. Farewells were said, the churches gave them a great "send off," and the party from Kingston set sail on a small boat to go to Falmouth, where the *Chilmark* lay. Joseph's first taste of the sea was distressing, the beautiful scenery which they passed being lost on him. He used to sum up his experience

humorously in the sentence: "A sea voyage brings out what is in a man."

At Falmouth he became one of a party of forty-two souls going Eastward Ho in charge of the Rev. John Clarke, who had come from England in the vessel, accompanied by Alfred Saker, Mrs. Saker, and their first-born child. More farewell meetings were held at Falmouth, the adventurers embarked, and with the captain's permission the Rev. William Knibb steered the vessel out of the harbour. With song and prayer they parted from their friends and well-wishers, and for eleven weary weeks rolled their way eastward.

The passengers found that it required both faith and courage to endure the hardships of the voyage. By some oversight, no provision had been made for the Jamaican contingent, and no cook was available. The supply of water gave out, and they were then compelled to use the stinking ballast-water for their cooking. The meat went bad, and the bread, kept in a tank on deck, was "all alive." The man who served it out to them had to get into the tank and stand on the bread while he passed out their ration. The captain and crew were hard and unsympathetic, and drove them out of their way with curses. The coloured men were not provided with a galley; and when Mr. Clarke got up a stove and had it put on deck, the captain voted it an eyesore and had it moved for'ard to an inconvenient spot where the spray was frequently thrown over it. As if man had not

troubled them enough, nature began to take a hand. In a storm which broke over the Atlantic the sails were split or carried away, and the bowsprit broken. Some of the passengers felt that the end of their sufferings had come, but the vessel weathered the storm. In the storm a spiritual renaissance came to Joseph Fuller and he dedicated his life afresh to the work of the Gospel. Next a fire broke out and for a time was dangerous, but passengers and crew worked together to extinguish it, and the only casualty was that one of the settlers was badly burned on the hands and arms as he fought the fire. All behaved with great presence of mind, and Fuller was singled out for commendation by the captain.

At length the long looked-for peaks of Cameroons and Fernando Po came in sight, and the passengers eyed them with undisguised relief. Some fishing boats were seen as they approached the island, and one of them came alongside to sell fish. When Fuller saw that the men were naked, he ran below to warn the young women not to go on deck. He had not realised, though the fact had been told in Jamaica, that this was the normal state of the inhabitants.

On the 16th of February, 1844, the whole party landed at Clarence, Fernando Po, and received so hearty a welcome from the inhabitants as well as from their friends of the mission that they felt in some measure compensated for their sufferings on the voyage. The party coming in

the *Chilmark* being unexpectedly large, it became a difficult matter to find accommodation for them all. Joseph and his brother Samuel went to their father at the Mission House, and the others were hospitably received by whoever could squeeze them in.

They found a church of forty members, many of whom could read and all of whom spoke "coast English." Of those arriving, thirty-one were received into church membership at once. Day schools and Sunday schools were in good order, with an attendance of about three hundred and fifty, young and old, at the latter. The congregation at public worship was about five hundred, and there were many enquirers.

The voyage thus completed was not without its testimony that the mission party were good men and true, for one of the sailor lads gave his heart to the Saviour and was afterwards baptized at Fernando Po.

CHAPTER III.

THE PEOPLE.

FERNANDO PO, an island broken off the Cameroons range, separated from the mainland by twenty miles of sea, is forty miles long and twenty broad, and has a volcanic peak which rises to 10,700 feet. The town of Clarence, on the west side of the island, had a population of 953 liberated slaves taken from twenty-seven African tribes.

As soon as Joseph Fuller had seen his baggage safely into the Mission House, he set off in haste to see a real live savage. He started along a path leading in the direction of the mountain, and soon had his desire gratified. A strange sound in front brought him to a standstill, and next moment a man appeared in the path. One startled glance, and the budding missionary took to his heels, nor did he stop till he found himself safe within the walls of the Mission House. The man was inoffensive enough, although he carried three long wooden spears in his right hand and had a bare-bladed knife stuck through a thong on his left arm. More fearsome still was the naked body heavily greased and coloured blood-red with clay, ornamented with strings of shells round neck, arms, waist and

thighs. Nor did the face, covered with cicatrices*, one cheek coloured red and the other white, surmounted by a bare monkey skull fastened on the front of the head-dress, diminish the effect. This was Bokatali, a Fernandian dandy, coming in full dress, to make the acquaintance of the newly-arrived people, and to learn something more of the message they brought.

The huts in which these people lived were low, small, dark and miserable. The ends were made of rough staves set on end, the roof of rough palm leaves was not quite six feet high. The doorway was three and a half feet by two or two and a quarter, and was closed by a shutter of battens loosely strung in a frame.

Their food was principally yams and fish, and they ate the flesh of monkeys, ground pigs and oxen when procurable; but they abstained from hog's flesh, fowl and deer. Their drink was water, and the palm wine, called "mimby" obtained from the cabbage palm.

Their language differed greatly from that of their nearest neighbours, the Isubu and Duala people. In counting they had two fashions: in one they counted up to five and added other five to make ten, other five to make fifteen, then five more to make two tens; thirty was two fifteens: the other method was to count to six; seven was six and one, nine was one from ten.

In religion, they spoke of a Being out of sight, good and powerful, called Dupé; the evil one

* This fashion of cicatrizing the face began there about 1780.

whom they feared was called Mo. They expressed no ideas about the after life.

It may be as well that this chapter should also tell something of the Duala people, on the mainland. The mission opened there fifteen months after Fuller's arrival, and for long years he lived and laboured for them. Both the people and their language are called Duala. Among their traditions is one that they came originally from a mountainous region in Africa far to the east, possibly Abyssinia-wards. They came down the left bank of the Cameroons river, and fought and dispossessed the Basa and Bakoko tribes. As they were warriors they never cultivated the ground but acted as slavers in the old days of the overseas slave trade, and when that source of income was cut off they became middlemen in the oil and ivory trade. They kept the former inhabitants under an iron rule by savage cruelty and fetish rites. There were three classes in their social order: the free born, the children of slaves born in the towns, and the slaves. This last group constituted two-thirds of the population of thirty thousand. Their ranks were recruited from those taken in war, from those who through distress or famine sold themselves or their children to get food, and from those who fell into debt or who were condemned to pay a heavy fine for crimes committed. The last of these were usually regarded as pawns.

They were wild, turbulent, selfish, lazy, callous and undemonstrative, and have been

accused of cannibalism, but on doubtful authority. The slaves lived in towns by themselves and worked in the gardens, as did the wives of the freemen. Most of the women were nude; those who wore something had a yard or two of poor trade calico. A clothed woman or a man wearing a shirt was considered disgusting. When the missionaries began to issue clothing there were some wonderful sights; men wearing petticoats round their necks, or a hat with trailing ribbon and a loin cloth, or a pair of boots and spectacles only; women with shirts worn as trousers, and such-like. One Christian woman, coming to a missionary for a dress, wanted it cut low enough to show all her markings! For it was then the fashion to cicatrize the bodies with designs showing the tribe, district and clan to which they belonged.

The wealth of a man was estimated by the number of his wives. For each of these a house was built, and its door was visible from the door of the husband, so that he could keep an eye on her. King Bell had thirty-two wives, and polygamy was the rule. Marriage was by purchase; a freewoman cost about ten pounds and the daughter of a slave five or six pounds. Girls were often betrothed in childhood, and paid for by instalments. They were reckoned adults at fourteen or fifteen years of age.

A woman could not hold property, and was expected to work from daybreak to noon in the gardens, then to return with a supply of food-stuff for the evening meal, and in the afternoon

to prepare and cook it. The men meanwhile were engaged in trade or fishing, or sitting on the bank gossiping.

When a youth aspired to manhood's privileges he was required to kill one or more of his fellow-men. The heads and arms of the slain were put on the prow of a canoe and paraded along the front of the nearby towns with singing and braggadocio. One youth who had been touched by the message of the Gospel, though he revolted against the wanton spilling of innocent blood, was compelled by his father to observe the country's custom and slay two men.

The influence of the secret societies was to be observed in many details of the people's daily life. One of these societies, Jingu, only initiated freemen, and by its mysteries and murders kept the people, especially the lower orders, in awe. The new initiate in Jingu, with body covered in red oil, a bullock's horn hung round his neck, a cap of parrots' feathers, and a bunch of charms as a wristlet, was forbidden to speak to anyone for the next nine days. His spiritual reward was immunity from attack by witchcraft, and freedom for his house from the visit of the angel of death. In the other society, Mungi, both freemen and slaves were members, and its secrets were preserved under heavy penalties. Both societies made regulations, settled differences among the men, supervised tribal conduct, and administered their laws, fixing the penalties for misdemeanours and crimes even to homicide. They fought corporately against the Gospel, and

there was no limit to the cruelty with which they persecuted those who, forsaking the customs of their fathers, sought to live under the milder rule of the Son of God.

Loba was their name for God. The volcanic mountain of Cameroons was "Mongo mo Loba, the mountain of God." When they saw a puff of smoke during an eruption they said: "The man is making up the fire." They did not associate the name Loba with a being who did anything, having lost any knowledge of God which former generations may have had. They were fetishists, and by spell, charm and sacrifice tried to secure prosperity, happiness and long life. Their philosophy of life made each man greedy of "soul-stuff"; and every accident or sickness raised the suspicion that someone was practising black magic on him. For such, death was too mild a punishment.

It was to a people bound in superstition, rampant in cruelty, hardened in sin, that the missionaries went with their appeal.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WORKER.

SHORTLY after his arrival at Clarence Joseph Fuller sought baptism at the hands of Mr. Sturgeon, the pastor of the church. After an interview with Mr. Clarke, in which he had to give his reasons for desiring baptism, he was accepted by the church and the date was fixed for the ceremony. But fever laid its hand on him and it was not until the first of August, 1845, that he made the public profession of his faith.

He offered to Mr. Clarke for service in the mission, and had the joy of being accepted. The first service asked of him was to whitewash the large Mission House, work usually done by Kru labourers, and though it excited comment among the people who stood around watching him at it, Joseph was only concerned to prove that he could do it well. The motive for this task being given him never transpired.

His next duty was to visit the natives on the mountain, in company with a Jamaican brother. Neither of them knew the Adiya tongue, but they were fortunate in finding an interpreter, and through him talked of the salvation wrought by Christ. He was given a class in the Sunday

school, and had the joy of seeing every one of the class become a member of the church and a useful worker therein.

When the success of the mission seemed assured, they received a shock. Two Spanish warships arrived in 1845 to establish the Spanish claim to the sovereignty of the island, and the Spanish Consul-General and two priests landed and took up their residence. The mission schools were ordered to be closed, and any assembly of people for public worship was forbidden. The missionaries were told to leave, but the people pleaded for them and asked that at least one should be left to care for their souls. Later an arrangement was made giving the mission twelve months to clear up its affairs and get out. The priests were given authority to direct all education on the island, and gladly would they have uprooted every trace of evangelical teaching. But they fell sick, and applied to Dr. Prince for aid. This he gave freely, and their gratitude was shown by the larger measure of toleration granted to the mission, so that for some time the edict of expulsion remained a dead letter.

This shock, however, may have been a providential stirring up of the mission, for the success and growth of the work on the island might have caused a forgetfulness of the larger plans and robbed the mainland of their labours. To it they were now compelled to turn. Even before this trouble, soon after the arrival of the *Chilmark*, the Rev. J. Merrick had opened a

station at Bimbia, on the mainland at the foot of the Cameroons mountain, near the mouth of the Mungo, the last of the northern tributaries of the Cameroons river. The language of the Bimbians was Isubu. It was resolved to remove a few of the workers from Clarence to this place, and the party included Mr. Duckett, Mr. Alexander Fuller with his two sons, Joseph and Samuel, and two of the "settlers" who had agreed to go. The newly-launched mission schooner *Dove* arrived at Clarence opportunely, and was at once employed in transferring material, baggage and passengers to make the new settlement there, which was called Jubilee.

After the general plan of the settlement had been drawn up, Joseph Fuller was asked to undertake the marking out of the locations and to supervise the erection of the dwellings. Mr. Merrick, who was a trained printer, finding Joseph intelligent and willing, gave him instruction in composing and printing. In a few months Fuller was able to take full charge of the printing house, thus setting Mr. Merrick free to complete his vocabulary of the language and to continue his translation of the Gospels into Isubu. Mr. Merrick also drew up a scheme of study for his young lieutenant, that he might be fitted for his missionary career. It was an ideal arrangement, for the earnestness and devotion of the instructor and the hero-worship of the pupil made progress both rapid and pleasant. Aided by youth and natural ability, Joseph Fuller also made rapid progress in

learning to speak the Isubu language; and as his father made slower progress, the son was the more frequently appointed to address the congregations. Mr. Merrick judged that he was fitted specially for evangelistic work, and arranged for certain days to be set apart for visiting and preaching in the adjacent towns.

Then Bimbia had a sore experience of sickness. Mr. Merrick had the joy of seeing the completed books of the Gospels of Matthew and John printed before he was removed by death. Joseph took up the partly translated Gospel by Mark, completed the translation and printed off a few copies. He did not print a full edition as Mr. Saker advised him to wait till they could go over it together. This opportunity never came, and now no copy of it is known to exist.

After the leader died, several others fell ill, and Alexander Fuller was one of these. When he felt that his end was approaching, he called Joseph to his side and said: "The sword is now about to fall from my hand: will you take it up?" What other answer could the boy give to his dying parent than the unhesitating: "I will"? Up to this time, he confesses, he had ever had at the back of his mind the thought that sometime he would return to the land of his birth and settle there, but he felt that this was the call of God, and thenceforth there was no looking back for him. To the end of his days he continued in the service of the mission with unabated love and zeal.

As soon as possible after Mr. Merrick's death

the mission appointed Mr. Newbeggin to the charge of the station. He gladly undertook the teaching of scripture and theology to his young and eager assistant, and in return Fuller undertook to help him in the study of the Isubu language. Thus a prospect of mutual aid opened before them, but in a few months Mr. Newbeggin was stricken down with an alarming fever. As a last resort they resolved to send him to Calabar for medical help, but he only reached there to breathe his last. There was no other missionary to spare for Bimbia, so Joseph Fuller had the whole responsibility of the station thrown upon him.

He felt acutely the loneliness of his position and longed for a companion. Now on Fernando Po was a young native of Jamaica, Miss Elizabeth Johnson, who had approved herself as the infant school mistress. Fuller esteemed her highly, and at the first opportunity went across the thirty miles of sea and put his fortune to the test. She was an ardent worker for the uplift of her race, a devout and loving woman, with the heroic, solitary faith that makes missionaries, and after a time she consented to brave the dangers of life at Bimbia. Then the elder brethren were asked for their blessing, Dr. Prince performed the marriage ceremony, and they started at once to their home and work.

The young bride was no longer in a land where English law obtained. She was now, in some measure, at the mercy of the King of Bimbia, a typical despot whose respect for

womanhood was of the lowest. One of his wives offended him, and he called her up for punishment, another of the wives being ordered to cut off the offender's ear. Amid savagery like this Elizabeth Fuller lived and taught, and even dared to tell the king to his face what she thought of him. Nor did the young people hide their feelings when an unprovoked attack upon the interior people and the exhibition of their mutilated bodies on the canoes was made by the same king. Sometimes their relations with him were strained, but the spirit and wisdom of Fuller gradually won respect, and this enabled him to save many lives.

CHAPTER V.

"IN LABOURS OFT."

BIMBIA had a tradition of enterprise, and Fuller followed the example of his leader, Merrick, in pushing out to fresh places. When on his usual visit to Gangi, a visiting chief pressed him to make a call at his own village, Dikolo, and he was glad of the opportunity of going at the chief's invitation; but he soon saw that whatever their reason for inviting him, it was not because of their greater gentleness.

One market day a Dikolo canoe, returning home, was capsized, throwing the men into the sea, and as they were treading water trying to right it, a young man was seized by a shark. The African mind could only regard this as the result of black magic, so Esongubu, the wizard, was sent for to smell out the offender. After the usual ceremonies and incantations he denounced two persons, a man and a woman, as having caused the man's death. The chief ordered them to be hanged, and was immediately obeyed; but the news was carried speedily to Bimbia, and the missionaries set off with all speed to Dikolo. They found the woman dead, the man still alive, but on the approach of the missionaries the people cut

him down, and smashed his skull and arms. As he was still breathing, Fuller offered to take him away, but they refused to allow it; and when he asked for some water to be heated that he might try to resuscitate him there, they broke the pot. A grave was quickly dug, the missionaries were driven off, and next day Fuller heard that the poor fellow had been buried while yet alive.

Meanwhile he was not without some encouragement. The first woman convert had trial of bonds and mocking, of threats and violence, but she stood fast. The second had been a refugee in the forest after the loss of her children, whose deaths she attributed to witchcraft, and she sought by hiding in the forest to escape the persecution of the spirits. She was delivered from that eerie fear by her faith in the Saviour. The third had many a tearful day and night through the hardships she endured, while another was caught by the townspeople, taken into the forest, stripped of her clothing and rubbed all over with *mucuna pruriens*, "cow-itch," and became an imbecile in spite of all that her fellow-believers did for her. Two of the women had asked for baptism, and as Mr. Saker, at Cameroons, was the nearest white missionary, Fuller wrote telling him, and asking what he was to do. Mr. Saker's reply to Fuller's note was to the effect that if he were satisfied with the candidates he should baptize them, and form a church at Bimbia. Fuller, however, had some scruples, as he had not been ordained and

held no office in the Church. He wrote to this effect, and Saker invited him to go to Fernando Po that he might be ordained. Saker was to come from Bethel, Cameroons, to join the other missionaries in this service.

When Fuller reached Fernando Po, however, he found himself in the midst of the excitement of the 1848 Spanish Expedition, which brought the mission's operations on the island to a close. The poor black believers, who constituted the church, were dismayed, but clung to the hope that somewhere under the British flag they could find a home where they could continue that worship which marked their deliverance from paganism. So, like the Pilgrim Fathers, they resolved to cross the sea and seek on the mainland another home.

Fuller's travels had made known to him a piece of unoccupied land, with a good beach, at Ambas Bay, belonging to the King of Bimbia, and he was of the opinion that they might find a home there and the freedom they desired. No other place seemed to offer its advantages, so the brethren asked Saker and Fuller to go and examine it, and, if it appeared suitable, to make the arrangements necessary for a settlement. Saker drew up the plan of the town, putting the church in the centre. He named it Victoria, after England's Queen, and gave it a model constitution.

Fuller remained at Bimbia to continue his lonely work there, and his ordination service, driven out of mind by the excitement, was

postponed indefinitely. As no other missionary came, he and his young wife felt their loneliness keenly, but a little son came to cheer them, and telling each other that their work was for God, and that souls were being blessed, they continued praying and working. A second son came, but did not survive, and it fell to the stricken father to make the coffin and direct the digging of the grave. Later a baby girl came to their home, but when his wife sickened at his side, Fuller felt that at any cost he must get her over to Fernando Po for medical aid and food and friends.

The change did her no good, and a visit to Victoria had no better result. They returned to their home at Bimbia, and Mrs. Fuller passed peacefully away on the 18th of February, 1859, to rest beside her father-in-law and little son.

In the depth of his trouble, the people behaved with the same lack of consideration towards Fuller. They placed restrictions on selling to him, they continued to steal the food-stuff from his garden ; and often he was without bread for his motherless children. Nevertheless, there was some encouragement. His personal boy, Charles Steane, was a convert, and he had also several enquirers ; the purpose of the mission was being appreciated, and a change was beginning to be felt in the spirit of the people around. When he was able to visit the neighbouring towns, his preaching was effective, and numbers gathered round as if seeking the way of life. Continually he bemoaned the people's lack of ability to read, as preaching seemed to be only

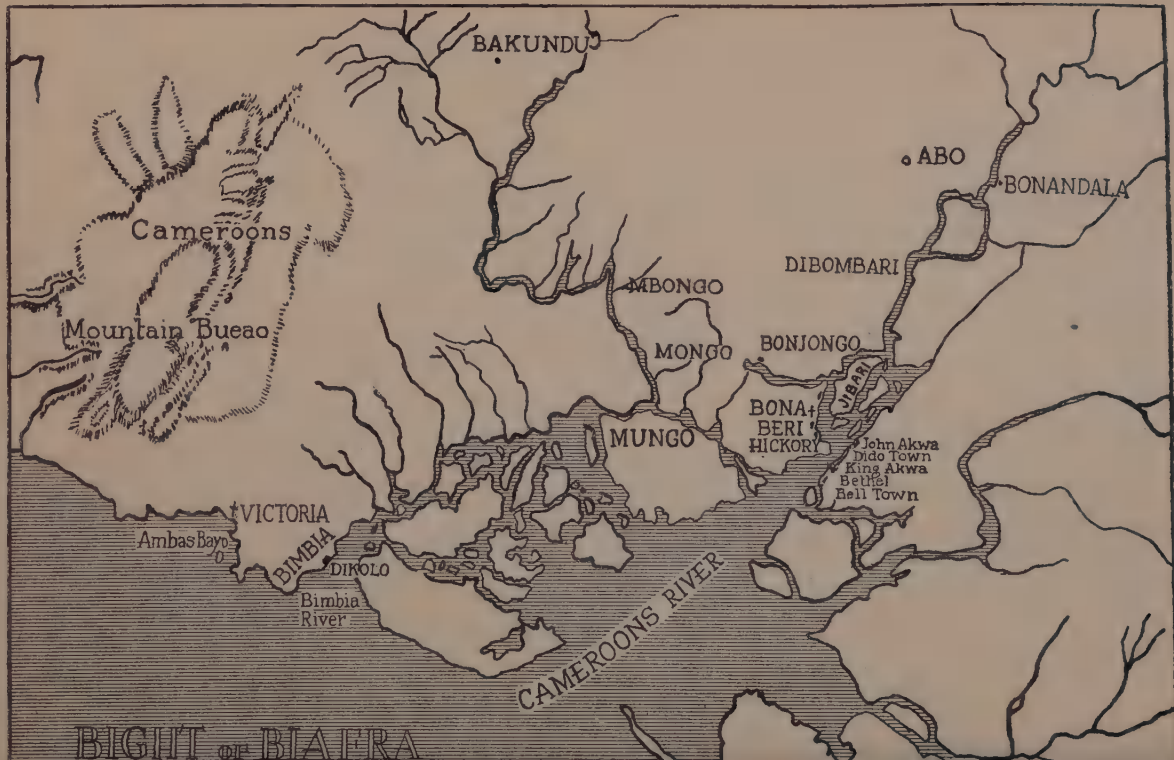
ploughing the sand as long as the printed word could not be used to endorse its message.

Now, however, came the distinct call to a new sphere of work. The new colony of Victoria had been given a start, though many of those who complained loudly of the Spanish restrictions had preferred to stay on the island, where their trade was, rather than face the hardships of making a new start. To strengthen Victoria, and to give some protection to the Christians of Bimbia, Saker proposed that they should be united to the church at Victoria, and thirty-two members were transferred.

As this arrangement set Fuller at liberty, he willingly accepted the invitation to join Saker at Cameroons. His printing-press and furniture were moved to Bethel; and there on Monday, 4th April, 1859, his delayed ordination took place. Those taking part in it were Messrs. Saker, Diboll, Pinnock, and Innis. From that time his work was to be among the Duala people, involving the learning of a new language.

Mr. Saker was then building the large brick Mission House at Bethel, and Fuller lent a hand, both in laying the bricks and instructing the boys in the craft. When more bricks were needed he taught them how to build a kiln and burn the bricks. Saker was teaching carpentry to other youths. Fuller was in charge of the printing house, and when "copy" ran out he turned to bricklaying or preaching. As the Duala language was akin to the Isubu, of which he was a proficient speaker, he soon became able to

itinerate. When Mr. Saker's health gave way, and he was forced to go on furlough, the work at the press was at a standstill, and this gave him opportunity of spending days among the towns higher up the river. In those tours he ranged far and near, never deterred by difficulties or dangers.


BAKUNDU
ABO
BONANDALA
Cameroons
Mountain Bueao
DIBOMBARI
MBONGO
MONGO
BONJONGO
JIBARI
BONA
BERI
HICKORY
MUNGO
John Akwa
Dido Town
King Akwa
Bethel
Bell Town
VICTORIA
Ambas Bayo
BIMBIA
DIKOLO
Bimbia
River
CAMEROONS RIVER
BIGHT of BIAFRA

CHAPTER VI.

THE TIDE TURNS.

BUT nearer at hand they had one point of encouragement. At Bonaberi, or Hickory, Fuller heard his name called one day as he approached the beach, and was greeted by a man whom he had befriended at Bimbia. This man in gratitude had named a son after Fuller, and he now offered the boy to his namesake that he might educate him. Fuller was unable to take him then, owing to his domestic circumstances, but through this man's influence he was welcomed at Hickory. At that time all the other chiefs were indisposed to allow a mission station near their town.

After a year of strenuous work, when he and Mrs. Saker bore the whole burden of responsibility in Cameroons, Pinnock having gone to take charge at Victoria, they were greatly cheered by the arrival of the *Wanderer*, under the command of the mission's captain—Captain Milbourne—in December, 1860, bringing helpers. On board were Messrs. Saker, Diboll, J. Diboll (jun.), R. Smith and Mr. Diboll's two daughters. Fuller was then living in a small hut with mat walls and a blue calico partition to form his bedroom; and when, on the 1st of January, 1861,

he married Miss Charlotte Diboll, he brought his bride to this little home.

This was Miss Diboll's second period of service in Africa. The year before she had lost her mother at Victoria, and it showed that she was of the devoted spirit which would fit her to be the companion of such a man that she should willingly come to live in a home so small.

Not only was the house small; the larder was, if possible, still more straitened. Fuller wrote: "On many days we could get nothing to eat but a piece of salt pork. This we boiled, and for a day or two ate it cold. Then we fried it for a change, then roasted it, then finally hashed the remainder." Under these conditions it was no wonder that Mrs. Fuller's health gave way. She suffered acutely with a wasting disease, and for weeks had to be fed with milk from a teaspoon, forced between her clenched teeth. Her case was regarded as hopeless, but in the providence of God, and with the use of a native remedy, she recovered, though twelve months elapsed before she was able to walk across the room.

For reasons of health the white missionaries left by ones and twos, till Fuller alone remained, and upon his shoulders fell the burden of the whole of the Cameroons work. It would have been impossible for him to keep everything going had he not been supported heartily by native helpers. Among these, George Nkwe, although but a slave, was of such a sterling character that the kings and men of position respected him, while the marvellous change in

his life was a striking testimony to the power of the Gospel. The churches in Cameroons owed much to his teaching and example, and his ascendancy over the townspeople enabled him to stop many a fight.

When Messrs. Saker and Smith returned from Europe, Fuller, relieved from the printing-press and the work at Bethel, was put in charge at John Akwa's town, three or four miles higher up the river. He was at the same time developing his hold on Bonaberi. He built a schoolhouse of wattle and daub, which had a general schoolroom and two rooms partitioned off at the end, to accommodate the teacher and himself when visiting. Isaac King, a member of the Bethel Church, a man trained by Saker and himself, was teacher. After winning the people at Dido town, he included it in his plan of work, and by dividing his week into three, he visited each place in turn, and was soon rewarded by a spiritual awakening among the people.

His life, however, was never free from peril and adventure. One Sunday night, when he was away preaching elsewhere, thieves broke into his house at John Akwa's town. They carried off all the portable property they could lay their hands on, stripping the bed even of sheets and blanket. A son of the chief was in charge of the house, and, hearing a noise, he came out to see a man whom he knew with his arms full of the household things. He called out to him, and the man put down his burden and ran away. When Fuller returned and heard the story he went off at once

in his boat to consult his colleagues at Bethel. But the news had already reached them. A man from John Akwa's town had come overland, early in the morning, and reported the robbery. The missionaries gave him a good meal as a reward for bringing the news. Fuller asked the man's name, and to his surprise it was that of the man whom his boy had seen with his arms full of booty. Fuller sent after him at once, and the party captured him before he had time to leave the town. In order to secure his prisoner Fuller took him to one of the trading hulks anchored in the river. The news of the capture was carried to the town, and a brother of the thief lunged at Mrs. Fuller with his sword, but struck the floor instead, and before he could strike again the neighbours seized him. Thankful to be spared his wife, Fuller let the prisoner go, thus losing all his goods. However, he removed his dwelling from John Akwa's town to Bonaberi, where the people had shown greater interest in his message.

His settlement there had its difficulties. There was only the one room available for his use. With a few boys and men, engaged locally, he began to build a station, which he named Mortonville. For drinking water he was dependent upon the small springs in the town, but the townspeople objected and demanded payment. Sometimes they seized the pails which the boys took for water, and would not give them up till payment was made. For the sake of peace the price demanded was sent,

and they then returned the pails, but would not allow the boys to take water. When Fuller remonstrated he was told that the water was theirs : he had brought none with him. Forced to find water, and tired of the constant bickering, he resolved to dig a well on the station. When the people heard of his plan, they laughed it to scorn. However, he succeeded in engaging a man or two to dig, but so little did they believe in it that they came each evening for their pay. His old friend, the chief, John Bell, thought he was foolish and tried to dissuade him. Each day they came from the town to look on at the diggers and to laugh at the foolish man ; and when he struck water they were so surprised that they declared he must be a wizard to know that water was there.

After twenty-five years spent in the wilds he took his first furlough. The voyage to England was full of novelty to him. The kindness he experienced on board was in striking contrast to the never-forgotten treatment on the *Chilmark*. For the first time in a quarter of a century he heard a military band—the band of the West India Regiment, stationed at Cape Coast Castle, and the sight of the lights in the Mersey and the docks at Liverpool was so wonderful that he could not be induced to go to bed. When he came up to London, he found that the secretaries of the Society were away on holiday, so he decided to take his wife and children down to Mrs. Fuller's native county, Norfolk. They arrived on the Saturday, and on

the Sunday morning made their way to St. Mary's Church, Norwich, where Mr. Gould, the pastor, and his people gave them a cordial welcome.

When the Autumnal meetings were being held at Cambridge, Mr. Fuller was invited. At the evening meeting he found a remote corner and sat down to enjoy himself, but a messenger was sent to bring him to the platform. The chairman recalled the visit of Mr. Alexander Fuller to England, and he now wished to welcome his son, and assured him that the audience would desire to hear a few words from him. Fuller had never seen such an audience before: he had been in the wilds for twenty-five years. All that time he had been accustomed to use the African language, yet his remarks made a profound impression, and from all parts of the country requests for his services poured in to the Mission House.

When he came to England for this first visit, he was a matured man of forty-four, who had developed without the influence of intellectual or educated men around him; yet his generous nature and undoubted ability immediately enabled him to accommodate himself to circumstances, and everywhere he won golden opinions. He was a tallish man, of large make, with shapely hands and feet. He walked sturdily; his firmness was masked by the lines of geniality and the play of his mobile features. He was strong and capable, with the delicacy which accompanies strength, and his hosts often said of him: "He is one of Nature's gentlemen." His

laugh was infectious, and children felt instinctively that he was their friend. His personality and story excited so much interest that he was kept in England eighteen months. His popularity and the unstinted praise given him would have turned the head of a less well-balanced man, but left him humble and unaffected as he had ever been.

At length he set out joyfully for Jamaica. There was his native land, and there, waiting the arrival of her much honoured son, was his aged mother. The unaffected joy with which mother and son looked upon each other's face can best be understood by those who know the capacity of the negro's heart for loving.

He was as greatly in demand in the Jamaican churches as in England, perhaps even more so. The lack of railways made travel difficult, but he visited nearly all the churches, riding, driving or walking, quickening their interest in the mission. Addresses were presented to him in his parent church, in the presence of three thousand people, by the Jamaican B.M.S., and by the churches of various denominations in Yallah. A parting gift of £26 10s. was made to assist in building a house for God's worship at Mortonville, and in 1873 the Jamaican churches sent a further contribution of £108 for the same purpose.

When he returned to England, he visited those churches which had been disappointed previously, placed his eldest son as an apprentice to an engineering firm at Norwich, broke

up his temporary home and eagerly returned to Africa with his wife and their younger son.

There the Rev. Robert Smith had been carrying on the mission work at Mortonville, and had made bricks and built a house ready to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Fuller. Great was their joy at all the progress made, and Mr. Fuller set to work with a good heart to build the chapel. Stones were brought from Bimbia for the foundation, and he rejoiced to show the men how to cleave them. Then he taught them to make bricks, and later, when he had sufficient made to begin the actual building, he taught them the use of the trowel and how to make the bond.

The foundation stone was laid by Mrs. Fuller on the 2nd of October, 1873. In the building of the walls the missionary had first to lay the outside bricks, then get over and do the inside, while his men busily filled in between. One of Mr. Saker's pupils came up to do the carpentry, and in a little over twelve months the place was opened for public worship.

CHAPTER VII.

NEW CURRENTS.

THROUGH the months when the chapel was being built, John Akwa's town and Dido were regularly visited, and throughout the district the conflict between the darkness and the light was very bitter.

At Nguba's town a man was accused of witchcraft. Mrs. Fuller heard of it and ran, hoping to save his life. When they saw her coming, they dragged their poor victim by the feet along the ground, killed him, and continuing their way to the river, threw his corpse into it.

But there were signs of blessing. Several lads began to give evidence of a change of heart, and some of the older people began to fear that soon all would forsake evil ways and be converted. Then the devotees of the old way, finding their opposition making little progress, decided to get rid of their chief enemy. They put charms in his path, and even under the stool which they offered when he visited a house; but they waited in vain for the fatal sickness which they expected to follow. One of their chief men tried to discover Fuller's protecting charm, and not seeing any sign of one, he

ventured, as if casually, to ask Fuller what he trusted in. Fuller's hand in reply fell upon a Bible which lay near. "This," said he, "is what takes care of me, God's Word." When the man, incredulous, asked: "But you have something else?" Fuller told him of the promise of Jesus: "I am with you alway"; "Not a hair of your head falleth to the ground without your Heavenly Father's notice"; and he added: "He is my keeper." But every man he hired for work was told by the incredulous chiefs to keep a watch at all times to discover what and where his charms really were.

Owing to the lack of financial aid, he undertook to build a new school out of his savings in that part of the town where most of the cruelties were practised. The people of the island of Jibari sent a request for a teacher. He had no funds, so he called the church members together and told them. One of them volunteered to go as teacher, and the others agreed to support him in his work.

Mr. Saker from the Cameroons and Mr. Thomson from Bonjongo were away on furlough: Mr. Pinnock had gone home, taking Mr. Fuller's younger son to England: Mr. Smith held the fort at Victoria: Mr. Grenfell was at Bethel, and the numbers thus reduced made every worker indispensable. It was then that an appeal came from Mr. Smith, who had caught fever through being exposed all night in an open boat in heavy rain. Fuller at once

answered the appeal by putting his work into the hands of his wife and local helpers and going off to Victoria. For two weeks he fought for his brother's life, and was just feeling that he had succeeded when the fever returned and Mr. Smith died. His widow, who had been untiring in her ministrations, then fell ill with fever and was unconscious for days. Fuller nursed her back to convalescence, and on the arrival of the steamer got her on board, and put her in charge of the doctor, for at that time there was no other skilled medical aid near. Then he made arrangements for the mission till Mr. Thomson should return from England.

But the attempt to open up the interior was still beset with difficulties, and every man who tried did so at some risk. Grenfell and Comber, separately and together, made several attempts. On one such attempt Grenfell tried to follow up the Mongo river, but the people seized his boat, plundered it, and turned him back. On another occasion they attempted the mountain road by Victoria, and succeeded in establishing a station at Bakundu, although the journey was very trying to the health. Fuller, seeing an opportunity in the visit of an Abo man who talked of having seen Mr. Richardson, who was stationed at Bakundu, made an agreement with him to go viâ Abo to visit Bakundu. In his boat he went up to Dibombari, where he left it and travelled inland. Next day he was at Abo, and spent the night with his friend. A long

march on the following day brought him to a friendly village, and in return for their hospitality he gave them the wonderful news of God's love and of Christ's mission to the world. Next morning he stayed at another village to repeat his message, and by four o'clock in the afternoon he arrived unexpectedly at Mr. Richardson's house. After spending a week there, itinerating and evangelizing, he went by another route to Mbongo, a little distance above Mongo, where he had instructed his crew to bring the boat and wait for him. In it they embarked and soon reached Mortonville.

But the way was not yet opened up, and when a few weeks later parcels and letters arrived from England for Mr. Richardson, Fuller thought it wiser to send the porters the same way as he himself had gone. They had a good journey till they came to the little village where Fuller had preached before setting out on the last stage of his journey. As there was no missionary with the party, the people thought it an opportunity for plunder. They told the men to put their loads in a hut, and then led them to another to sleep. The headman of the porters wanted to light his lantern, so he went back to the goods, opened a box and struck a match. The people watching him ran away, saying: "These boxes are not good to touch, they have fire in them." And they were evidently relieved when the men took away their loads next morning.

As soon as Mr. Thomson returned from

England he heard the good news of Bakundu, borrowed Fuller's boat and crew, and ascended the river. His arrival was providential, for Mr. Richardson had been ill, there was no medical aid near, and his wife was worn out with nursing. Richardson was carried to the boat and brought down to be nursed at Cameroons. Mr. Thomson had left one of his helpers to carry on, and Dibundu, a Duala teacher, volunteered to go and relieve him.

Mr. Richardson, on his convalescence, was sent to England, so that Mr. Fuller had now to supervise the work at Bakundu, necessitating many journeys up the river. On the way there were many towns, so the supervision of Bakundu was made pleasant by the many opportunities for preaching. One day on such a visit, he turned into a creek and had such a large number of people constantly coming that he preached all day long. He stayed with them for the night, and next morning the people made an earnest appeal that he would settle a teacher among them. He said: "If you give me a piece of land for a school, and put up a house for the teacher, I will think of it when I go back to Cameroons." Immediately they led him to a piece of high ground, at the foot of which was a bend of the beautiful stream which supplied them with water, and told him that he could have that land. "But," he objected, "it is all covered with trees and bush." "Yes," they replied, "but before you come back it

will all be cleared." He found by enquiry that this place was about a day's walk from Bakundu.

Continuing his journey up the river, he came next day to Bakundu, and found that Dibundu was able to report two promising converts. On his way back to Cameroons he called again at the Balong town and found that the people were as good as their promise: all the trees on the land had been cut down, and most of the bush, and they were ready to build whatever kind of house the teacher might need.

Amongst his own people at Mortonville he told of this open door, and Bell Preso, who had been acting-teacher at Koto school, offered to go. There was still, however, the difficulty of finding funds to support this new venture, and another unexpected difficulty arose. Bell Preso's relatives, who were not Christians, and who had the usual Duala ignorance of the interior people, took fright at the temerity of their kinsman in offering to go into the unknown, and determined to prevent his departure at all hazards; so for the time Fuller was unable to occupy this promising place.

By and by Mr. Richardson returned from England. Mr. Fuller took him up to his station by boat, and as he was satisfied with the two candidates, baptism was administered in a little stream at the back of the town.

Progress towards the interior began to be counted impossible, and Grenfell and Comber

proposed to the Committee in London that they should be permitted to try farther south, say by the Congo, to penetrate into the interior of the Continent. On the 13th of February, 1878, the *Elmina* brought the welcome permission, and the same evening they embarked on her to make a preliminary reconnaissance. In two or three weeks they were back again in Cameroons, awaiting the promised letter of instructions.

They prepared a party to explore the Congo and to visit the king of that country, and on 28th June, 1878, they sailed on the *Volta*, with two Kroos and six Cameroons boys. Fuller's eyes and heart followed this venture, and, though it weakened the staff of the mission, he heartily wished it success. In a little time fresh helpers came to replace those workers, and a new hopefulness prevailed in the whole of the Cameroons work. The struggle with superstition and cruelty, with the horrors of witchcraft and inhumation of infants, with the unbridled lust and blood orgies in the towns, now seemed to be successful. The persecution of the Christians diminished, the manners of the people became gentler, the dwellings were better, dress was no more a reproach to man or woman.

Fuller puts on record that one Sunday he observed a young woman, who usually came to the service in her native dress, entering the chapel clothed; but she felt so uncomfortable that she hid her face all the time. As soon as the service was over she was surrounded by

young people telling her that she looked better than when unclothed! Her husband had been anxious for her to dress, but he had to pay for her parents' consent to the change.

CHAPTER VIII.

RECORDING THE GAINS.

THE tide had now definitely turned. The opposition to the Gospel had not ceased, but the trouble came from individuals, the general sentiment of the people being in sympathy with the Mission. The generous spirit of Fuller rose to the opportunity, and he worked harder than ever to bring the news of salvation to the peoples far and near; and one day his young men came in with the surprising news that a service was being conducted among the Abo people by some of their own number.

Abo had been an insoluble problem to the missionaries. There was a large, dense population, but the King of Abo was a cruel, bloodthirsty savage, and no one would willingly put himself in his power. So, though they knew of the need, the pressing claims of other places had put Abo out of the question year after year.

When Fuller heard this news of a beginning having been made he took boat at once and went to see for himself. When the boat was approaching the beach he heard a chorus of joyful cries: "He is come. He himself has come!" As soon as he landed he was surrounded by a crowd who manifested much

delight. They told him that on his previous visit he had interested two men, traders with the Cameroons people, who had taken the opportunity of a trade visit to Cameroons to examine into this new religion. They had been so impressed that they had seized on the central idea and had made up their minds they must learn to read. They had bribed one of Fuller's boys to teach them the art of reading, and had made such progress that they were able to use the school primer. Armed with a copy or two of this and a New Testament, they had returned to Abo, opened school, and soon had a group of twelve young people reading. They advanced a stage and kept the Lord's Day free from all trade, gathered together for Divine worship, cooked and ate together, and waited for more instruction. Now that Fuller had come they felt it was an answer to their desire, and they hung around him, drinking in his words.

How congenial a task he had that day! Evening came, but still they questioned him, and it was far into the night before they finally left him to rest in the house they had provided for him. At daybreak they roused him with the request that he should conduct morning worship. Such thirst for Divine things refreshed him more than sleep, and he spent several days of delight with them. His unfeigned interest in all their life gave them a greater idea of the Gospel's fullness, and he left them with uplifted soul.

On a subsequent visit he was accompanied by

two native helpers. He found the original group increased, and ripened by experience. He met and examined those who asked for baptism, accepted and baptized six of them, and formed them into a church. Six new names were added to the list of enquirers. Returning in a little while he found that six more wished to be recognized as enquirers, so he went to the king and asked for a piece of land on which to erect a sanctuary. The land was given, and preparations were made to begin building.

At his home, too, the growth of the people in Divine things was apparent, and he resolved to strike a blow at the secret societies which held the people in terror through their cruelty and superstition. On the 15th of November, 1878, he publicly announced that he knew that anyone saying anything against these abominations would be immediately poisoned and put out of the way, but he felt that the time had arrived when a decisive blow should be struck, and he was resolved to do it. If they chose they could take his life, but he warned them that a day of reckoning would come. The crowd was speechless at the daring of the man. At last a sigh broke the silence, and then a demand was raised that the regalia of fetishism should be done away with immediately.

The sacred drum of the free people, the *Jingu* drum, was brought out, and next they secured the *Mungi* drum; the rattles and leaf of the *Jingu* were next thrown down; the shells, caps

and other regalia of the two orders were collected and brought out. Then two free youths and two sons of slaves were brought forward, and each in turn handled these things, and in the name of the Queen of England declared that they should no more be allowed in the town. Both societies were on this day declared to be dead and their oaths and customs abolished.

At this declaration shouts of joy broke out from the crowd. All the principal men signed a declaration of their adhesion to this act, and the company filed past, the freemen wearing the slaves' regalia and the slaves wearing the freemen's sacred dress. The march continued to the Mission House, where all were taken off and handed to Fuller to be sent to England. That same evening four candidates for baptism were accepted and three enquirers presented themselves.

But it was soon discovered that only the externals had been given up, and that the Mungi people were still carrying on their rites in secret. It took five more months for the evil to be rooted out. The end came when Green Josh Bell, a chief who had become a Christian, set about the matter. First he interviewed the chiefs and got their sympathy, then he appealed to the freemen and slaves for their help. This they readily promised, although insincerely, for they believed he would never dare to act. Fuller addressed them on the 23rd Chapter of the Second Book of Kings, and when he was finished Green Josh Bell ordered the drum to

be beaten and the Mungi priests seized and bound. They were tied so strongly that they soon confessed all their deeds, and the herbs which they used to poison the people were brought out and cast by basketfuls into the river. All their groves were cut down, and the trees on which they had registered the number of persons they had killed, and the bones of those who were said to have been "eaten by Mungi" were seen by the people. One man confessed to the murder of twenty-seven people, amongst them being the two mission teachers at Koto.

The reign of superstition being ended, the people crowded the chapel each Sunday, and a wave of revival passed over the towns. The church members put up by voluntary labour a large preaching house in a neglected corner of the town. The work at Koto was restarted, and Dibombari began to bear fruit as well. At this latter place Mr. Fuller married three couples, the first to be united in Christian matrimony, had ten enquirers under instruction, and was about to baptize three of them. He was also making progress with his translation work. Early in 1881 he completed the translation into Duala of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Parts I. and II., and the following year it was printed by the Religious Tract Society.

When Mr. Quintin Thomson reported on the work of Bethel he rejoiced that twenty-three persons had been baptized and added to the church, and in the large amount of voluntary evangelistic effort by the church members.

They conducted four meetings weekly from Bethel in neighbouring villages, and two from Bell town.

In 1882 Miss Saker returned from England, having spent part of the furlough in preparing a school primer in Duala and reading the proofs for an edition of the New Testament, 2,000 copies having been guaranteed by the Bible Translation Society.

The flow of the tide continued strongly during the year. Fuller reported that in every department of the work he had met with encouragement. The mind of the people seemed more earnest after the truth. He baptized nineteen persons at Bethel; saw his people erect a preaching hall by voluntary labour and provide the preachers to carry on the services. The church contributed £50, more than sufficient to pay all expenses.

The king Akwa was always present at the services, for religion was now the fashion. From the rest of his diocese the reports were encouraging: Mortonville, Jabari, Dibombari and Bakundu were each making progress. Meanwhile, though worn out with labour he was patiently holding on till Mr. Quintin Thomson should return from England.

When he came he brought with him three new helpers—Mr. Thomas Lewis for Victoria, Mr. Samuel Silvey for Bethel, and Miss Fletcher for the girls' school at Victoria. With this addition to their staff Fuller felt that the long-due furlough should be taken, and Mr. Thomson told him his

plans for the working of the mission during his absence. By these plans Quintin W. Thomson took oversight of the whole mission in Victoria and Cameroons, spending a fortnight at each place. Fuller warned him that the scheme was impossible, that no European could possibly expose himself to such journeys and fatigues in all weathers, even though he had come back from England full of energy and enthusiasm. Then Fuller sailed for England for his second furlough in forty years.

To his great grief the news of Mr. Thomson's death soon followed him to England, and he had to mourn the loss of that "most devoted and energetic servant of Christ."

After stirring up interest in many churches at home, at last in June he was set free for Jamaica, to spend a little time with his "dear old mother." He returned to England in November, 1884, and for a few months more he was busy visiting the churches.

CHAPTER IX.

SHADOWS.

MEANWHILE events had occurred in Cameroons as unexpected as they were unwelcome. Forestalling the dilatory British authorities, a German expedition had made a "treaty" with King Bell, who had sold not only his own little strip of territory, but all the land of the Duala people. The other kings, faced with the accomplished fact, demanded a share of the price. Bell refused and prepared for war, and the Germans supported their man. In the subsequent fighting the houses at Hickory town were set on fire, involving Fuller's beautiful little chapel, schoolhouse, kitchen and outbuildings. The Mission House with its iron roof alone escaped.

From these happenings in December all mission work was at an end in Bonaberi and Bell towns. Bethel church, however, reported an increase of eleven members for the year and Dibombari six.

Mr. Fuller's services in England were gratefully acknowledged by the Committee of the Missionary Society, but it was felt that he should return and undertake the salvage work necessitated by these warlike operations. Fare-

wells were taken in London and Manchester, and in the month of February he was back again amongst his people.

A few of the Christians had returned to their places and had begun to rebuild. Bethel school, under the care of the Rev. Thomas Lewis, had two hundred children attending, and the schools at Dikolo and Dibombari had grown. The Mortonville Christians had put a mat roof on the old schoolhouse, and begged for a teacher to be sent to them.

Mr. Wright Hay left Victoria, and Mr. John Pinnock took over the care of the church there in addition to his duties as schoolmaster. Mr. Lewis's health gave way early in 1886, and he sailed for England. Mr. Fuller was now the sole missionary left in Cameroons, and he threw himself with passionate earnestness into the midst of these distresses that he might save some of the work consecrated by the forty blacks and thirty Europeans who had laid down their lives in the redemption of this people.

Tracing the fugitives he found that in some cases they had initiated the worship of God in their new homes. In one instance a Christian father died from the hardship and exposure, but his two sons had accepted the responsibility of carrying on the work and had started schools in another village, as well as preaching to their neighbours. In another case the teacher found that the people had returned; he rang the bell for service, but no one came, so he went in and prayed. Next day the bell was rung again

and no one came. So the teacher went and talked with the people. No, they would not come to the service : " God is dead, the worship is killed." He reasoned with them, and when he next rang the bell a number came, and the old course was resumed. In a few days the chapel was again filled with a glad, worshipping people. Next Fuller heard that one of his young men had raised the standard of the Cross at Bonandala, and his helpers there were carrying the good news to other villages.

On the 23rd December, 1885, when a German Society's agent came to take possession under the agreement with the Basel Mission, he was unable to satisfy the Christians by his proposals for continuing the work, and they learned for the first time of the existence of Christians other than those of the Baptist order. In a little time they declared for independence, and although they were persecuted as heretics, and some yielded to pressure, yet a substantial body of them continued to carry on an aggressive evangelistic work.

Seeking to continue his service in and for his adopted land, Fuller, this dauntless youth of sixty years, volunteered to join the Congo staff, and hazard his life anew. But his best friends knew that the body which had so well responded to the calls of his fervent spirit was no longer capable of enduring the fatigues of pioneering, and they counselled him to accept the Committee's invitation to return to England, where he could do good service for the Congo Mission. Yielding

with a breaking heart, he first sent off Mrs. Fuller. The people came round him tearfully, saying they were "bereaved of their mother." He cleared up all affairs of literature and school material, took farewell of the church members, and when the day of his departure dawned he was surrounded by a crowd of people who had spent the whole night with him that they might testify their sorrow that "they should see his face no more." When he embarked on the steamer a group of men with tear-washed faces stood on the beach waving their farewells to the receding steamer, and wondering what they would do without the inspiration of their father in God.

In England thereafter he pleaded the cause of missions with great acceptance. Unhappy was the lot of the deputation speaker who had to follow him, for the old man eloquent knew how to present his case with power. Sometimes he would tell the story of the death and burial of "Old Slavery," and tears and laughter followed his tale. In some cases even the sight of his face in a village or town was sufficient advertisement to crowd the chapel. One of his facetious stories was an answer to the question as to what became of the pennies dropped in the missionary box. He solemnly announced that he was a penny that had come back. The pennies given were turned into black boys and girls who had learned to love the Saviour. In the homes that entertained him he was always very popular.

The last two years of his life were spent in much weakness, but he never lost his cheerful, infectious laugh. At last in his home at Stoke Newington, London, on the 11th of December, 1908, he heard the home-call and passed into the presence of the King.

He was one who loved knowledge for its own sake, and he was capable, hard-working, sincere and generous. Challenged by a task of extraordinary difficulty, this African Christian carried it through with a devotion and ability that won for him a high place among the heroes of the missionary enterprise.

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